STRIKE BILLS AT ALBANY.

THE BLACK HORSE CATALRY GET-TING READY TO CHARGE. Corporations Will Be Large This Year-The

Business of Legislative Blackmail—One Effect of Bryanism — Paverite Victims. ALBANT, Dec. 18 .- The crop of strike bills at last session of the Legislature was by far the largest in years, and there are indications already that the new year's record will be but Mills if at all behind that of 1897. A strike bill, it may be said, is an attack on a corporation or other concern, threatening the cripplins or destruction of its business, ostensibly in the interest of the public, but really with a view to collecting blackmall from the object of attack in return for the defeat of the bill.

The great augmentation in the number of strikes last year was traceable directly to the Bryan campaign and the tendencies growing out of it. The attacks of the Chicago platform Democrats upon property, corporate or otherwise, furnished a party shield behind which Democratic strikers were able to hide, to some extent, the vensity of their motives in proposing measures calculated to harass or ever to exterminate the business interests of corporations and private persons. But while the Bryan campaign was the starting point, its inice operated more directly through several kindred agitations which were taken up with eagerness by Republicans as well as Democrats, either through pure demagogy or through a mistaken policy of surrender, having as its object the conciliation of the forces o social disintegration which constituted the vitallying force of the Bryan campaign.

The first of these in point of time was the general attack on corporations guilty of mak-ing money and paying dividends on their investments. This movement was initiated by Senator Jacob A. Cantor of New York, the Democratic leader in the upper house, and Assemblyman Fred A. Robbins of Allegany, an Independent Republican, who introduced the so-called anti-trust bills. Needless to say, it was at once taken up by the journalistic sense tion mongers of New York city and advertised with flaring headlines and "signed statements. This proved too much for the notoriety cravings of Senator Lexow, the Republican member from Rockland county. He had the bills re ferred to a select committee, with himself at its head, and then followed the famous, if ridiculous, monster hunt, Of course Mr. Lexow didn't catch even a "snark," but he got the desired notoriety. Next came the attack on the gas companies

of New York city. This originated in the Sen ate with the Democratic leader, Mr. Cantor and in the Assembly with Mr. Laimbeer, then a regular, though a kicking Republican, and in the coming Assembly a Cit and the candidate of the drawing room Socialists for Speaker. These two gentlemen introduced the Dollar Gas bill and so transferred it from the category of strikes, in which similar bills had for years held a leading place, to that of Democratic party with Mugwump backing. The yel low journals got into line beaind this measure too. After much sound and fury, and after the "expert" hired by one of the newspapers and introduced at committee hearings by Senator Cantor had been caught making overtures to the gas companies for a transfer of his valuable services to their side of the case, the Dollar Gas bill was buried under adverse majorities in both houses. In the meantime the strikers who had numbered cheap gas bills among their favorite weapons of attack, were driven to the introduction of measures providing for gas at 90, 80 or 75 cents.

Another proposed raid on property was the Graded Inheritance Tax bill, fathered and urged by State Comptroller Roberts, a peren-nial candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor. This bill slipped through both houses, but Comptroller Fitch and other qualified financial experts pointed out that, aside from the principle involved, it would work a serious detriment to the State by driving men of wealth to seek residences in neighboring Commonwealths, and thus the revenue under it would be less than that derived from the pres ent law. Comptroller Roberts's bill died on Gov. Black's desk after the Legislature ,had adjourned.

There were many minor measures, which though scarcely distinguishable in form from strikes, were undoubtedly offered in good faith by members carried away by the notoriety at taching to these other bills. One of the most curious of these was Senator Barney Martin's curious of these was Senator Barney Martin's proposition for an investigation of department stores with a view to restricting them practically to the sale of dry goods and requiring by law the abandonment of modern business methods in the interests of a multiplicity of small shops. This measure came in late in the session and was laughed out of court. It was small wonder that the army of it

law the abandonment of modern business methods in the interests of a multiplicity of smail shops. This measure came in late in the session and was laughed out of court.

It was small wonder that the army of inveterate and professional strikers whom we have always with us was encouraged to unexampled industry by seeing men of undisputed respectability, some of them party leaders, lending their names to measures not only similar to their own bills, but in some cases substantially identical with ancient and well-known strikes. It was small wonder if additional encouragement was derived from the prospect of having prominence given to their strike bills in the yellow journals, with the portraits and signed statements of the strikers. This offered not alone personal gratification, but enhanced value in the strikes as well.

The same procreative influences which called forth the great flood of strike bills last year will be at work again at the coming session. Senator Cantor has aircady announced that he will again lead an attack on corporations in general and the gas companies in particular. Senator Grady has gone still further and outlined a Democratic programme as violently socialistic as the Chicase platform itself. It is not likely that senator Lexow's love of notoriety is on the wane, inasmuch as his term will exceed the companies of the strike side of the programme of the progr

more likely to no unnoticed unless they reach the calender.

Once a strike bill is in the right committee the House usually has nothing more to do with it, but there are exceptions to this rule. Sometimes the striker decans it advisable to carry the bind against the corporation a little further. He usually waits until near the end of the session. Then he has the bill reported to the House and it goes upon the calendar. This he is frequently able to do because he succeeded in having the bill referred originally to a committee with unimpertant functions, but with sirikers of both parties constituting a majority. At the tail end of the session he is often able to get his bill out of a committee on which there are but few strikers, by all some of combinations and wirepulling. Throughout the session one of the most onerous duffes that devolves upon the leaders of the party which happens to be made magnetic that the results are the session on the most onerous duffes that devolves upon the leaders of the party which happens to be made magnetic that the session in a magnetic that the session is a magnetic to the party which happens to be made and continued. He usually waits until near the end of the session. Then he has the bili reported to the House and it goes upon the calendar. This he is frequently able to do because he succeeded in having the bill referred originally to a committee of both parties constituting a majority. At the tail end of the session he is often able to get this bill out of a committee on which there are but few strikers, by all seris of combinations and wirepulling. Throughout the session one of the most onerous duties that devolves upon the leaders of the party which happens to be in a majority is to keep strikers from being reported from the important committees of which

be used by them to keep their committeemen seed-natured. This one must be permitted to set out a bill legalizing the acts of some official in his district. Another must get his armory appropriation or an item in the supply bill. The Chairman has to make some promises which in the end he is unable to fulfil. So in the last week or two of the session there are many disappointed and diagruntied committeemen. There are others, too, who realise that they won't be returned to the Legislature and decide at the last moment to do a little business on their own account. Then there are always a number of members who, not corrupt themselves, are good-natured enough and indifferent enough to help the strikers along.

"Give the boys a chance," they say. "It costs them their salaries to get elected and they haven't made much this year."

So it often happens that the word is passed around, "Jones has lost his committee," and the next day Jones pets up and, sick +t heart, "begs leave to report" a batch of corporation terrifiers that have been accumulating in his committee since January. Sometimes the Black Horse Cavalry of strikers gets a number of the yound them there is a "jail delivery." Out couse all the strikes, even the old-timers, and the strikers chuckle and congratulate each other openly on the floor. Jail deliveries haven't occurred often in recent years, and it is usually only by means of clever manipulation that the striker gets his one pet measure on the calendar.

The anti-strikers have to be particularly alert in the last days of the session. On one occasion a member whose bills had become proverbial for their peculiarities moved that a committee

The anti-strikers have to be particularly alert in the last days of the seasion. On one occasion a member whose bills had become proverbial for their peculiarities moved that a committee be discharged from further consideration of one of his bills and that it be placed upon the calendar. One of the leaders objected on general principies.

"Why. Mr. Speaker," exclaimed the striker in genuine amazement, "there ain't nothing into this bill," and he was still more surprised at the ground land the striker in genuine amazement, "there ain't nothing into this bill," and he was still more surprised at the ground lad the striker in genuine amazement, "there ain't nothing into this bill," and he was still more surprised at the ground lad the still, and he was still more surprised at the ground lad the still have been at the still have been at the still provide the still have been at the still have been and the still have been at the still have been and the still have

pames to put in can boxes free of charge wherever any citizen may desire; to prevent the cutting of ice on certain portions of the Hudson River, where there are extensive ice plants, on the ground that the water is impure, and prohibiting the use of barbed wire for fences, because it is injurious to cattle.

RED MEN AND RED EYE.

The Two Make a Troublesome Combination is

From the Lewiston Evening Journal. EASTPORT, Dec. 15.-There was a rough Indian fight Sunday near Pleasant Point village Perry, seven miles from here, between a num ber of "braves" of the tribe.

The Passamaquoddy Indians number about 500 and are considered a quiet and law-abiding race, but with a drink of "down East red eye" the red man's nature changes and he sometime forgets he has been civilized. Such was the ase this week, and as a result six Indians were

forgets he has been civilized. Such was the case this week, and as a result six Indians were arrested by Joe D. Socobasion, the stalwart posseman at the village. Several black eyes were also worn next day by the purticipants of the battle, which occurred just outside their pesceable and pretty village.

The blame is laid on six "palefaces" who went from Perry and this city, it is said, with a five-galion jug of liquor. They did not venture inside the village line, and as each was well known at the Indian village, several of the natives came out to greet them. When the jug was brought forth and the firewater was sampled the work was done, and while the fluid held out the white men were "heap good friends," and more red men flocked to the scene.

As the braves one after another began to get warmed up inside they sang war songs, danced like ma imen, and in less than an hour after the contents of the five-gallon jug was emptled down their throats were acting in a typical "wild Injun" fashion. After the howling, intoxicated braves had exchanged compliments a while fighting began. The battle was not of the scientific style, or even like that seen during the shows gi en by the Indians, but on the rough and tumble principle. Bloody noses were plentiful, and one Indians shirt was forn entirely from his body. Another lost part of his trousers in the melée, and hats were torn or crushed as if of no account, in the excitement no notice was taken of who was struck, brotherly love being forgotten, but the several whites kept their distance and viewed the drunken light, thus escaping unhurt.

Later, the police officer gathered up six inetriates, who were trying to get home, but could not find the road, and were unable to walk.

The excitement at the Point was great when the cause became known, and the squa was turned out in a body to find their "lords and masters" in the mix-up. Many showed traces of the fight next day, and there were numbers of parchet invested the mix-up. Many showed traces of the fight mext day, and there

The Indian officer was in Eastport the next

A Disappearing Cyclone Refuge. From the St. Louis G obs-Democrat.

R. F. Bond of Erie, Kan., has invented and patented a novelty in cyclone retreats which is attracting considerable attention. He calls it a "disappearing stormhouse," and it consists of a water-tight casing about nine feet deep and six feet square, having bevelled sills around the top and a post standing in the centre, the casing being into the ground, so that the bevelled sills came even with the surface. A cage, or elevator car, is made to move up and down in this casing, a hole being in the floor of this case to allow the centre post to pass through. The roof projects over the sides of the cage about five linches, which, when sunk into the ground, fits anugly over the bevelled sills of the casing, thus making it impossible for water or wind to enter.

The cage when not it use stands constants.

DIVVER RULES ONCE MORE.

END OF A FIGHT TWO YEARS LONG IN THE SECOND DISTRICT. His Rivals Who Tried to Down Him for Good

Now in Confusion. The Famous Victory by Which He Captured Mis Old Place as Londor-Qualities That Make Him Popular. It took just two years for the discontented and ambitious young men of the Second Assembly district to learn that they could not run that Tammany stronghold without the Hon. Patrick Divver. The Hon. Mr. Divver won a famous victory last week-won it in a way that precludes all possibility of another revolt against his leadership for many a day. His triumph was complete, and ex-Alderman Nick Brown and the latter's lieutenant, Frank O'Conner, have been left to weep almost alone. Deserted by all the other rebels, save a handful, who are standing out against Divver more because of a personal dislike for the man than from loyalty to Brown and O'Connor, they haven't a chance to hold on to the prestige they have enjoyed for the past two years, when the primaries are held on Doc. 28. Divver is king again, and his second crowning marks the finish of one of a curious series of political revolutions. That there would ever be anything but harmony in Tammany's banner district-a district which at one election showed almost thousand votes for Tammany to every one for another party—seemed impossible three years ago. A man who suggested the possibility of such a row as the one that took place would

have been laughed at. But it came just the same Probably the most interesting thing about the row to those who had no interest in the personal squabbles of the rival leaders was the way in which the wonderful organization of Tammany Hall made itself apparent. Throughout the two years of fighting neither side forgot its loyalty to Tammany. At elections men who didn' speak as they passed by worked side by side for the Tammany candidates, resuming the district fight when the election was over. Such was the confidence of the Tammany leaders in the ability of the organization to stand firm through everything that they never interfered in the fight. They said, "Let the best man win!" and kept silent, when a word from Fourteenth street would have ended the trouble in a day.

The Hon. Patrick Divver, like his old associate at the head of the Second Assembly district, Timothy Dry Dollar Sullivan, began life as the son of poor parents, who were unable to give him even the common school education that is compulsory nowadays. Like Sullivan, he was a keen youngster, with plenty of brains and plenty of push. He worked his way shead gradually until he finally reached that eminence which Tammany men coveted above everything else a

few years ago, a Police Justiceship.

As a Magistrate Divver was a success. He much in the old Tombs Police Court, where he presided. The people who came before him were his own people. They came out of the district where he was born and reared, and where he continued to live after he became prosperous He knew their weaknesses and their peculiarities, and was able to handle their difficulties better than many of the abler Magistrates from uptown. Justice never suffered to any great extent, either, when Divver was on the bench. Where severe punishment was necessary it was meted out, as a rule. With "drunks and disorhowever, Divver was more than lenient. It wasn't in his nature to send to prison longshoremen, truckmen, and others, who, after days of hard labor, indulged in to

prison longshoremen, truckmen, and others who, after days of hard labor, indulged in too much liquor. He knew these men, knew that the saloons were the only places they had to go to when their work was done, and forgave them. Divver took entire charge as the Tammany leader of the Second Assembly district in 1892, when Sullivan was requested to take the reins in the Third district, created under the new apportionment. Sullivan and Divver had built the Second up, until a man who wasn't a Tammanylte found it uncomfortable to live within its boundaries. Sullivan had 300 blood relatives in the district and they were all with him heart and soul. Tammany used to give a banner to the district making the best showing at election each year. The Second district never failed to win the emblem, and has been known for years as the banner district.

Divver was a born leader, was tremendously popular with the people, and knew how to keep the erratic ones in line. The Divvers became the recognized leaders of society downtown. Mrs. Divver and the Misses Divver were to the women what the Justice was to the men. Then the Divver Association was organized and a fine clubhouse crected at 59 Madison street, a few doors from the Divver residence. There were balls and receptions at the club throughout the winter, clambates and chowders throughout the aummer. The Divver Association clubhouse was the centre of the life of the district. Anybody who wanted a favor went there to ask for it. The meetings of the Tammany Hail General Committee were held there, all the district conferences took place there. Divver ruled the district from the club, and everybody was happy.

Divver's ability as a leader and a hustler attracted a great deal of attention from Democrats, and when William C. Whitney gave a dinner to ex-President Cleveland during the latter's third campaign. Divver was invited to attend. The dinner took place at the old Helvel.

latter's third compaign. Divver was invited to the Nond.

Mr. Divvews introduced to Mr. Cieveland by Mr. Whitney, who said:

"Mr. Cleveland, I want to introduce to you the largest majority of any district in the State."

"I'm happy to meet Mr. Divver, said Mr. Cleveland. "If your district gives me the largest majority of New York; I will write you a letter of thanks.

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"I'm happy to meet Mr. Divver, said Mr. Cleveland." If your district gives me the largest majority in New York; I will write you a letter of thanks.

"Mr. President, letters don't go very well with my people. They want vindication in the shape of pay envelopes at the end of each month."

"The rest of the conversation is not reported; but after election Divver got a letter from President Cleveland inviting him to come and see him at Washington. It was an honor never before conferred by a President on a Tammany matter of history that the boys of the Second fared very well in the matter of small Federal jobs during the Administration.

It was about this time that Divver picked out from smong his licutenants Nicholas T. Brown, to be his confidential man. Brown was a rising young man and enthusiastically loyal to Tammany. Brown was ambitious. He wanted to be leader. He could never hope to be unless something happened to Divver. In 1894, while Divver was travelling in California for his health, the Grand Jury indicted a number of his men in the Second district for election frands. They were tried and many were convicted and sent to young men in the Second district of election frands. They were tried and many were convicted and sent to young men out of their difficulties, and so Divver was leader. He hadn't come back to help his young men out of their difficulties, and so Divver was leader. He hadn't come back to help his young men out of their difficulties, and so Divver was launed. It was in vait that his

"Daring Villatay" Directed Again neighbor." The placard is as follows: DARING VILLAINY!! 250 DOLLARS REWARD!

from the Second at the last election. He is far and away the most influential man in the district. They say of him up at Tammany Hall: "He earries the district in his pocket."

It was slow work winning over Foley, but he was captured three weeks ago, together with Jerry Cronin, the Alderman-elect. There was joy in the Divver ranks and consternation in the Brown-O'Connor faction. The Brown men cried "Treachery." Then they went and complained at Tammany Hall that Tim Sullivan had been interfering in the district fight. They said that Tim had gone to his cousin Florence, who is Foley'a partner in the liquer business, and had ordered him to use his influence with Foley in behalf of Divver. All the Sullivans obey Tim, and the Brown-O'Connor men said that Florence followed orders. They got no satisfaction.

The capture of Foley and Cronin marked the turning point in the fortum sof Divver. One by one the rebels have been comins back. Brown has fought hard, but his followers have been slipping through his fingers. The final blow came last week, when M. J. Deery, the man that Brown appointed Chairman of the General Committee, after turning out Divver's man, sent out a call for a meeting of the committee at the Divver Association rooms. This was a tunning blow to Brown and O'Connor, It was the first time in two years that a Tammany Hall General Committee meeting had been held in the old headquarters.

The Brown men made a desperate effort to make the meeting a failure. But it was too late. The call of Chairman Deery decided the uncertain ones, and out of the 450 members of the committee, more than 425 were present. It was a meeting such as had never been held in the district before. The Brown men were as enthusiastic as the Divver partisans, and when Divver and big Tom Foley walked up the aliele to the head of the room arm in arm there was a scene of excitement. Hats and canes went up in the air and the committeem yelled themselves hoarse. They demanded a speech from Divver and shight of the Order of Chinks' and king of ing by getting up and relling:
"Three cheers foor Paddy Divver! Hooray!
Hooray! Hoeray!"

Inreceneers foor Paddy Divver! Hooray!
Hooray! Hooray!"
The committeemen almost tore down the hall
in response to Mr. Callahan's call. Then Mr.
Divver requested that his old friend Tom Foley
be the first man to sign the new roll of the General Committee. This suggestion was also
greeted with cheers. Foley signed and the rest
of the committee followed suit.
After the meeting everybody shook hands
with Divver, and plodged him support at the
primaries. The rest of the evening was spent
in smoking the Divver Association's good cigars
and drinking its good whiskey, and it was long
after midnight when Blitzen, the janitor, closed
up the clubbouse.
There is no doubt that the Divvers are on top
again in the Second. Mr. O'Conner, it is said. ere is no doubt that the Divvers are on to in the Second. Mr. O'Connor, it is said again in the Second. Mr. O'Connor, it is said, will be forgiven if he comes back with proper humlity, but Brown is said to be as dead with Divver as Sheehan is with Croker.

THE SPELLING BOOK APPLE STORY. Did Nonb Webster Steal It, or Did the Irish Steal

From the Ution Observer. Said the old man whose recent culogies of Dr. Noah Webster were exploited in these columns this morning, "Was Noah Webster a plagfarist or did the English steal from him! I was led to ask these questions by being shown yester-day the Universal Spelling Book, published in Dublin in 1839 by T. Tegg & Co., which con tains the story of the boy that stole apples, with an exact reproduction of the Websterian illustration. It runs as follows: 'An old man found a rude boy upon one of his trees stealing apples, and desired him to come down, but the young sauce-box told him plainly he would not. "Won't you!" says the old man. "Then I will fetch you down." So he pulled up some tufts of grass and threw at him, but this only made the youngster laugh, to think the old man should pretend to beat him out of the tree with grass only. "Well, well," says the old man, "if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in stones." So the old old man pelted him heartily with stones, which soon made the young chan hasten down from the tree and beg the old man's pardon. Now, when I first read that story, something more than fifty years ago, no doubt entered my mind that it was made in Connecticut. And the picture accompanying it. Was not that little house Jerty Griswold's, and the 'old man' Priest Pruden! And the boy, did he not bear a striking resemblance to me in my best white trousers! All these impressions remained until yesterday, when I saw the picture in the Universal Spelling Book, where it looked wonderfully Irish to me. I wish some of you fellows would find out whether Noah Webster was a plagiarist or the victim of British publishers.
"In the Universal Spelling Book under the head line, 'Words of seven Syllables, accounted on the fifth Syllable,' I find cir-cum-na-vigation, and under the line, 'Words of five Syllables, accounted on the fifth Syllable,' I find circum-na-vigation, and under the line, 'Words of five Syllables, and having got so far, I didn't wonder any more that some of my Irish bretheren find it difficult to catch on to the pronunciation of English words. But that is only a small part of what the Universal Spelling Book contains. It has a treatise on English grammar, followed by the principles of politeness by Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, and a number of fables, stories, &c. besides the 'Boy and the Apple Tree.' "concluded the old man. found a rude boy upon ore of his trees stealing apples, and desired him to come down, but

NEVER "BROKE" AGAIN.

An Improvident Young Man Who Will Always

From the Chicago Times-Herald. "Queer things happen at funerals," said a "and I remember one occasion which impressed me greatly, on account of the standing of the family in which it happened, as well as from the peculiar circumstances surrounding the incident—the bestowal of money on a dead man."

The narrator was urged to relate the story, and on the promise that no names would be

mentioned he continued:
"It was a funeral at the house of one of my parishioners, and I was greatly surprised when

"It was a funeral at the house of one of my parishioners, and I was greatly surprised when I received notice to attend and conduct the services. I had not heard of any member of the family being ill, nor had I been summoned to the deathbod, but I jumped to the conclusion that it was an old servant who had died.
"It proved to be a bad son—the black sheep of the family—whose shadow had not darkened their doors for years, but who, it was always believed, had been supported at a distance far enough to prevent him from disgracing the family by his misdeeds.

"Now he was brought home dead, and I was expected to give him as little blame and as much praise as was consistent with the dignity of my office and his relation to the family.

"I need not go into that part of the ceremonies but come to what I consider the real expression of feeling which conservated the memory of the man as nothing that I said could have done.
"Just before the casket was closed his old mother arose from her seat with the mourners, and, approaching the dead, clipped a silver dollar into his vest pocket.

"'Jim never liked to be without money in his pocket, she said will a low, tremulcus voice. Many's the dollar I've slipped into his pocket unbeknown to him, but he always found it and was thankful. I don't expect he's going to need it now, and maybe he will never know that mother put it there, but somehow I shall feel better if he has it.

"And I felt that the woman who had loved much and forgiven much had preached a sermon of forgiveness and mercy before which I with my platitudes must remain dumb."

LIKES THE MAN HE MUST HANG. A Missouri Sheriff's Attachment for a Prisoner Condemned to Die.

From the Kansas City Times. COLUMBIA, Mo., Dec. 10,-John Hunt, 70 years of age, will be hanged in Columbia Jan. 13, barring interference by the Governor. His case has been appealed several times, to no avail. Peculiar circumstances surround his

case, among which is the devotion of Sheriff

James Stockton to the man he must hang. Hunt is utterly destitute, and the Sheriff has drawn heavily from his own pocket in his endeavors to have his sentence commuted. He engeavors to have his sentence commuted. He has engaged attorneys for the prisoner, and bore all the expenses of the hast appeal. Hunt returns the affection of the Sheriff, and is always cheerful when in his company. The doomed man has been in a strange letharky for several months and never speaks except to Stockton. Every day when the Sheriff enters his cell he says: stockton. Fivery day when the Sheriff et his cell he says: "Jim, when are you golng to hang me?"

The Sheriff makes the same reply each day: "On Jan. 13, John, unless God or the Governo

The Sheriff makes the same reply each day:
"On Jan. 13, Join, uniess God or the Governor intercedes."
Hunt has a bad as well as an interesting record. The crime for which he must die was the murder of his daughter Mattie Hunt in a drunken rage Aug. 29, 1896. His son John created a sensation at the time by arming himself with a revolver and threatening the life of his mother if she testified against his father, Young Hunt was imprisoned and his father convicted on the testimony of his mother.

Forty years ago the cleir Hunt was accused of murdering his stepfather, who was found dead with his skull crushed after a violent quarrel with his stepson. Sufficient evidence rould not be secured to convict Hunt, but shortly afterward he was sent to the penitentiary for two years for grand larceny. When his term expired he returned to his home near Columbia and immediately hande love to his cousin, Bettle Hunt, who was said at that time to be the most beautiful girl in Boone county. In spite of the protests of her fauily and friends, she cloped with Hunt. It was her testimony that will send him to the gallows for the murder of his daughter.

BLACKMAIL 93 YEARS AGO.

AN OLD POSTER TELLS OF EXCITING TIMES AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

Henry A. Livingston, a Respectable Reigh-bor-Threatened with Arson United He Faid \$250-A Bomb Left for Him as a Sample. A collector of old documents here has among his curios a yellowed and worn placard or poste manifestly an exciting time in the then village of Poughkeepsie. The matter was an attempt at blackmail by threats of incendiarism, as well as personal violence, directed against one to whom his fellow townsmen, including Magis trates and Trustees, refer as their "respectable

We the undersigned Magistrates and Trus-tees of the village of Poughkeepsie, together with the Cilizens of the town, having been con-vened to take into consideration two incendiary letters addressed to one of our inhabitants, which are as follows:— [LETTER L]

which are as follows:—

[LETTER L.]

SIR. You are hereby requested to go to a high rocky point, in one week from this date, down the river, about half way to the long point from your house, on the south side, there is an old fike fence, near the shore, you will see a stake stuck, and you will there find a small heap of stones, in that heap you are to put in two hundred and fifty dollars in bank bills, put in in a snuff, or a tobacco box, so as to keep it from the wether. You must certainly comply with this order, if you do not your buildings is doomed to destruction. And you are farther ordered not to mention this to any person or friend, nor attempt to discover who we are, by watching that spot, after the receipt of this, and also when you have done what is here demanded, if any person is discovered by us, or if we hear that we will be in danger of discovery in going to the spot, you may depend we will, at the risque of our lives, accomplish what we here have mentioned, and if any of your nabors, or any other one is seen watching the spot, they shall suffer with you before we leave this country.—You are not the first that has been obliged to pay for signing a certain petition, and you will not be the last in your town.

[LETTER IL.]

the last in your town.

HENRY A. LIVINGSTON, Esq.

[LETTER II.]

SIR, The good lookout we have kept, and have seen your movements, was certain they were to detect, not to comply with our request, has been the reason of our not coming near the spot, we must again trouble you for the last time in this manner, by requesting you to go more than half way from the last place to the long point, on looking up the bank you will see a stake stuck up with the bark cut near the top, on the bank you will there find a flat stone, put under it what we before desi ed. If it had not been for the unfavorable weather last week you would now been well convinced that we where able to accomplish what we mentioned; two of us has thought proper, and it has been agreed to, to make this second request, and further to convince you how easy it was to accomplish with the means we have procured to do it; if you will take the trouble to go to the stone wall by the 80 milestone on the inside, you will there find a small sample; with them and a good wind and under cover, at certain places about your house, we could have done the business and in no danger of a shot from you, if you put us to this trouble reflect a moment what the consequences will be if you or your paltry gard attempt to come from under cover to remove our salamanders or come near us we shall be so prepared to make you or reflect a moment what the consequences will be if you or your palitry gard attempt to come from under cover to remove our salamanders or come near us we shall be so prepared to make you or them take shelter very quickly. If you think of doing what we have requested, draw the stake out and lay it on the bank, that it may be seen from the river, as we shall not go near it till we leave this place, which may be in three days from the date; if your intentions are to the contrary leave it standing, show your spunk and we will ours, but not at present, as you might be better prepared than you have been; if you draw the stake let there be no deception; if we discover any movements remember your person shall suffer for it. When you find the stake fifteen naces oast you will find a flat stone with a stone on it, under it you know what to put, it is by a small sapling with four spots on it. Remember you have been in our power in the woods twice; if you again place yourself in the same situation, abide the consequences. A. B. C. D. & E. H. A. L.

N. B By a clear spot where wood has been

H. A. L. N. B By a clear spot where wood has been

N. B By a clear spot where wood has been hove down.

We therefore, unanimously reprobating the wicked plan disclosed in the above letters, do offer the reward of two hundred and fifty dollars to any person or persons who shall expose its author or authors, in such manner as they shall be brought to punishment, and should any of the associates give the necessary information, their names shall be concealed, they shall be executed. e exempt from any consequences, and shall re

ceive the s id reward.

The persons attending the meeting unanimously resolved to pursue all proper measures in relieving their respectable neighbor from the extraordinary attempt upon him.

In testimony of which we hereunto affix our districts.

ignatures. Dated November 30, 1804. WILLIAM EMOTT, PETER R. MAISON, TEUNIS TAPPEN,

THOMAS NELSON, RICHARD EVERITT, PETER R. MAISON, Trustees.

The places mentioned in these letters have been found, on examination, to answer the description, and also the Sample spoken of, which is an arrow pointed with iron, in the form of a gimblet, around which is a tin tube containing nitre and other combustibles.

There seems to be no doubt that the animosity the incendiaries was directed at Col. Henry A. Livingston, who lived a long and distin guished life in Poughkeepsie in the historic livingston mansion, which, for a hundred years pore scars of the Revolutionary war. Col. Livngston was a son of the Rev. John H. Livngston, who as a young man went to Holland to complete his ministerial education, and after taking the degree of D. D. at Utrecht, returned o Poughkeepsie, where he preached, in the Dutch language, during the Revolution. He

to Poughkeepsie, where he preached, in the Dutch language, during the Revolution. He became later President of Rutgers College, and thereafter made his home in New Brunswick, but his son continued to live in the county where the family had been prominent for a century. Of his house P. H. Smith, in his "History of Dutchess County," gives this description:

"About half a mile below where Livingston street [Poughkeepsie] intersects Prospect street, near the river, stands the Livingston mansion. It was built by Henry Livingston in 1714, and is a fine specimen of a country mansion of that period. The situation is delightful, completely embosomed among venerable trees, on a rising knoll near the river, far removed from the hurry and bustle o the highway. The once secluded beauty and quiet of the place has been rudely interrupted by the passage of the Hudson River Railroad within a few yards of the house. Its occupants have endeavored to preserve its ancient appearance; and even the orifice in the side of the house near the door, made by a cannon ball fired from one of the British ships which conveyed these troops up the river that afterward fired Kingston, is preserved with care and shown to visitors as a token of the animosity of the British against active Whigs.

"This was the residence of Col. Henry A. Livingston, grandson of Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He died June 9, 1849. Although living in rotterment, he often consented to serve the public in innortant offices, and was never known to be absent a day from his post in the Senate Chamber or in the Hall of the Court of Ecrors. He will long be remembered in Poughkeepsie as one of its best citizens."

Mr. Smith speaks in another part of his book of incendiary fires from which other places in the county suffered, but in his chapter on Poughkeepsie who have heard from their fathers or grandfathers, who might have been friends of Col. Henry A. Livingston, the story of the "daring villaing." Or it may be that memory of it ha

mains in stray posters with the offer of the ward for the villains.

ONE GRATIFUL PENSIONER.

The Exception That Turned Up in the Mail of a Senator in Washington. WASHINGTON, Dec. 18 .- "The writer of this letter is one man out of a thousand," said a Senator, as he held up a letter he had just re-

ceived in his usual extensive morning mail.

My State furnished a great many soldiers during the war, and, as I was one of them, the old veteran naturally thinks I am the proper person to apply to when he wants a pension or an increase. Consequently, my pension correspondence is quite extensive. This man applied for a pension some months ago on the ground of a specific disability. The case was pushed along as repidly as possible, and last week the pension was allowed, though at the rate of only 38 a month under the tieneral Disability act, instead of \$12 as he expected. But he writes that he is so thankful, both he and his wife (and they are quite advanced in years), just as thankful as though it were \$12 instead of \$8, and he invokes all soris of blessings on my head.

"As I said before, this man is one in a thousand, for it is very seldom that I hear from a pensioner after noticying him that his civin has been allowed and his ame has been placed on the pension roll. Of rourse, a Senator is supposed to look after the interests of his constituents; that is what he is here for, and then, too. spondence is quite extensive. This man applied ents; that is what he is here for, and then, his constituents know that his clerk attend the pousion correspondence largely—a Senator could not do it himself and nave any time for other duties—but it is very refreshing, just the same, to receive a genuine, appreciative letter like this once in a while."

CURIOUS PRATURES OF EFFE.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean. "Now what do you think you deserve," said Justice Dooley recently. The prisoner, Michael Michol of Missouri, had been celebrating his arrival in Chicago and before falling helpless in the gutter had left a blue streak along Halsted street.

He did not answer the Court's question. "Shall we make it five months?"

"Or four months, or three, or two, or one?"

Still no reply.
"You are hard to suit," said the Court. "I guess I will let you make your own tine."
Nichol awoke suddenly from his trance. "Make it a dollar," he exclaimed, and tossing a civer dollar on the Court's desk he hurried from the dock. Justice Dooley remained speechless, motioning to the court officials not to molest him.

Has Carried a Pocket-Piece Since Beyhead,

From the Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Mr. H. A. Sylvester of Rockport offers to match
pennies—not for gambling purposes, though—with any
man in Maine. His treasure is the first cent ever given him, and it has reposed in his pocket for years. He withstood all the candy temptations of his childgood, and kept his pocket-piece unspent. When he grew up he went to sea for fourteen years, and never lost his cent. At one time he was wrecked, and was taken from a water-logged and dismasted vessel in so exhausted a condition that his resours had to remove his clothing; but he had strength enough to beg them California, where he was engaged in mining for four years, and on a trip through the wild country in Idaho and Montana. Naturally, it is worn smooth, but he wouldn't exchange it for a gold eagle.

Cat Hides a Trap Containing a Bat.

From the Cincinnati Enguirer. Police Officer Corbin of Sedamaville was called to the house of Jacob Schwaber by the latter's daughter. who saked the officer to find a rat trap which she had placed in the cellar the night before. Mr. Corbin was thunderstruck at such a simple thing being considered of sufficient moment to summon the police, but, being naturally a good-natured fellow, concluded the best thing he could do under the circumstances was to find the trap if possible. He went into the cellar, and, after turning over nearly everything, at last discovered the trap in the possession of a big Maltese cat in one corner. Inside the trap was a huge rat, but the cat could not succeed in killing it, so had carried rat trap and all away. The fam greatly relieved, and the rat was promptly turned over to the tender mercies of the grimalkin family

An Unfortunate Illustration.

From the Kansas Otty Journal. Henry s court yesterday made the jury burst ou laughing. Ella Downend was suing Kansas City for \$5,000 because of injuries ahe received by tripping over a step in the sidewalk on Twenty-third street near Woodland. Attorney George Jones, represent-ing the city, said all through the trial that the step was no more than the step to the witness chair in front of the jury, and a person would be no more "And you know, gentlemen, that no person would

be likely to trip over that step there," said Mr. Jones, pointing to the step before him.

A moment later Mr. Jones started to go to the witness chair and sfumbled over that very step and fell sprawling.

In a Coffin Forty Years Ago; Still Living at the Age of 109.

From the Maryville (Mo.) Review. Paul Pelkey of Filmore is still living and is 102 rears old. He took sick and died forty years ago, was dressed in graveclothes, and was was ready to start and the stairs were very narrow and old-fashioned, and but two men could handle the coffin. They started down the stairway with the coffin and one of the men slipped, and down went the coffin bumpty bump. The coffin broke open and the corpse sat up and rubbed his eyes and asked for a drink of water, and Paul Pelkey's funeral was put of ndefinitely and has not since been announced, and it is said is not likely to be for some time to come."

Mexican's Carlous Idea of Studioses.

Mexican's Curious idea of Business.

From the Denver Republicans.

"While travelling in Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a Mexico a few years ago I had a funny experience with a funny experience of fixed and experience of funny experience of funny experience of fixed and experience of funny experience of fixed and experience of

of J. W. Sturgeon. Dr. John E. Gray of this city was sent for and amputated the leg just below the knee It healed in about twenty days, and the doctor ther made the steer a wooden leg, which he strapped on. Since being furnished with the wooden leg he walks with much more case than a man with a false mem ber, and can run almost as swiftly as before suffering the accident. The leg supplied is a hind leg, and the steer kicks with his stub in preference to his good

An Owl Fights Two Men and Steels a Wet. From the Waldoboro (Me.) Opinion. It was an owl that caused the greatest recent ex-citement in Waldoboro. The bird first swooped down on the head of Mr. Moses Newbert, lacerating his head and face severely and making off with Mr. Newbert's hat, which was found a few days afterward back of Mr. Alden Burnhelmer's harn H afterward attacked Mr. Elmus Shuman in the sam nanner, nearly knocking him over. Mr. Shuman i his excitement made a grab and caught the " wis inement. In the fracas Mr. Shuman's face was som

what mangled. Negroos with Red Hate.

From the Denver Republican. "A man sees lots of funny things while travelling bround the country, but the most peculiar sight I ver saw was in Omaha the last time I was there, ald Charles Killinger of Cincinnati. "While walk ng along the street there one day I saw two negroe with hair as red as any red hair you ever saw. was as kinky as the negro wool usually is. It was i funny signt, and I stopped to look at them as they went down the street. A friend of mine who resides there told me those negroes had come from the South tome years ago, and, as far as he knew, were full blooded darkies. Six fingered people are not uncom mon, but for freaks those darkies took the cake."

Shakespearonn "Barker" in the Theatre.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. In Wellington, Kan., the other night Thomas W. Keene played "B chard III.." and between the acts John Haughey, a local student of Shakespeare, arcso in his place and explained to the audience just what Mr. Keens had said and done in the preceding act, and forecasted what he probably would do in the next act. This innovation proved very successful. A Shakespearean "barker" benceforth will have to be carried by all first-class tragedy companies which

invade Kansas. Why He Wanted Saud in His Comn.

From the Indianapolis Journal. STILLMAN, Dec. 4.-Information has just reached here of the death of a young man named Phillips in the employ of John H. Edenfield, twelve miles cast of here. Pattitps had been drunk for several days, and on Saturday in 1 sh of himself in the abdomen with a platon. He i ngered for two days. He requested his friends to place three things in his coffin with him one of which was a handful of sand for him to theore in the devil's face when he met him, that he micht making known the other two items.

Luck Came with the Cat.

From the Atlanta Journal. AUGUSTA. Dec. 10.-A cat was sold in Augusta to day for \$100. The cat came into an establishment some time ago and took up its abode. The cat was beautifully marked, and a few days ago a New Yorker who saw the animal made the offer for it and the deal was closed to day.

Pussy Rescued by Her Cantno Friend.

From the Paily Kenneleo Journal.

A dog in North Gray that lives on good terms with the family catest out to find pussy the other day, she having been absent several days. He brought her in holding her in his mouth and along with her

VAN COTT'S JUDICIAL TASK

ME TRIES DELINQUENT POST OFFICE

EMPLOI EES.

Clorks and Carriers Who Are Accused of Any Offence Come Before Him for Hearing and in Some Cases for Sentence—Punishment is Imposed for Working Overtime.

"We have 1,844 clerks and 1,689 carriers in the postal service in this city, and the small per-centage of them that come before me for trial from time to time is remarkable," said Postmaster Van Cott recently in referring to his judicial experience. Mr. Van Cott holds cours daily for the trial of violators of the rules and regulations of the Post Office Department. No Post Office employee is fined, dismissed, or other-wise punished without having had a full and fair hearing. The charges must be made in writing upon a blank provided for the purpose. and attached to it is a record of the character and services of the accused, which, if good, mili-

tates considerably in his favor.

When an employee is accused of violation of the regulations, the written charges are sent by his immediate superintendent to the general superintendent of the division to which he is attached, who in turn forwards them to the Postmaster. As a rule, trial follows within twenty-four hours, and the accused has the privilege of having a representative of the Clerks' or Carriers' Association to which he belongs present at the hearing. After the charges and specifications have been read to him, the accused makes his statement and calls such witnesses as he may have. The Postmaster rarely has occasion to postpone decision, as the merits of the cases, one way or the other, are usually very plain.

Punishments range from a reprimand or a fine of a few days' pay to temporary suspension from duty or dismissal. The Postmaster may fine or suspend clerks, as they are his own appointees, without reporting to the department at Washington, but in cases of removal the charges and recommendations for discharge must be forwarded to the Postmaster-General's office. In the case of carriers, however, any punishment inflicted, even a reprimand, must be reported to the department for approval, for the reason that they are appointed by the Postmaster General. The principal offences for which carriers are

tried are failure to deliver mail properly, dis

courtesy, entering a saloon and drinking while

tried are failure to deliver mail properly, discourtesy, entering a saloon and drinking while in uniform or on duty, drunkenness, failure te record their time at the conclusion of each trip, neglect to note removal notices sent to the office to facilitate the delivery of mails, and, a peculiar offence to which they are especially prone, working overtime. As they receive ne extra compensation for working over the eight hours prescribed by the regulations, but are, on the contrary, punished for se doing, it is a credit to them that in nine cases out of ten it is discovered that their offence arose from their zeal to complete the delivery on their routes, in which for various reasons they were delayed beyond the prescribed eight hours. As may be supposed, the penalty for this is not made over-heavy, but if they persist in their zeal they are transferred from the delivery to the collection service, in which the cannot "do overtime," as it is termed. The offences for which clerks are tried include reporting for duty under the influence of liquor, tardiness, failure to handle and despatch mail promptly, frequent absences from duty, putting mail in wrong boxes, and insubordination.

The percentage of trials for intoxication is very small, and here a peculiar physiological fact, which can hardly fail to be of interest to physicians and scientists generally, is to be noted. Letter carriers, and postal clerks, too, are especially subject to "cramps," "chills," and "sudden weaknesses." Such of them as appear before the Postmaster by reason of their supposed yielding to the enticements of the steaming bowl almost invariably tell a story of sudden liness and a necessary resort to quinine and whiskey to cure. The account of their being subsequently overplanations are not incradible, when the exposure to which the carriers and and chills as get the carriers into trouble, and overheating in summer has an attendant train of sudden ill-messes.

ployees in this city are generally overworked, and at certain seasons, especially during the holidays, have more work than they can do within reasonable working bours. Postmaster Van Cott expects to remedy this in the near future by securing an addition to his force.

"When we get theen," he said, "I believe the number of trials will be reduced." I believe the judicial part of his duties, and has an aversion to the title "Judge" as applied to himself.

SMOKERS WHO NEED CHANGE

Few Men Able to Keep on Using the Sam-Brand of Tobacco Continuously. A nervous man dashed into a large tobacc store downtown in Broadway yesterday and

said to the proprietor:
"Look here, Billy, I've been buying smoking obacco from you for a long time, and no sooner do I find a brand that suits me than you begin o adulterate it, and it doesn't taste as it did. This blank brand which I have been smoking for four months now has gone all to pieces. I

want something new."
"Why not try the tobacco that you liked so;well before you took up this brand!" asked the pro-prietor. "It has been improved, and I think hat you will enjoy it."

The nervous man accepted it and went out. "He will come in in about three days for another box of that tobacco, and tell me than

"He will come in in about three days for another box of that tobacco, and tell me that it is just what he has been looking for;" remarked the proprietor to another customer. "He will smoke it for three or four months, and then he will complain bitterly that the manufacturers are adulterating it with cheap tobacco, and he will make a change. Does the tobacco change! Why, yes, a very little bit, but not enough for him to detect the difference. It has happened that when he complains the loudest about it the tobacco is the best. The explanation is simple. He gets tired of a brand in about three months, and then it doesn't tasteright to him. That is true of many smokers. To enloy their tobacco they need a change occasionally. "Gen. Grant was the only hard smoker I have ever known who didn't require a change. He wanted good cigars, and he wanted them strong, he was not cranky about their shape or make so long as they smoked castly. I have one customer—he is now hearly 70 years old—who bought cigars from me when I first began selling them, and he buys nearly the same brand. His taste in tobacco has not changed, but he is an exception. It is a fact, though few smokers realize it, that a man needs change in his tobacco just as much as in his food. No man would enjoy the same dinner lay after day. Few men can smoke the same brand of cigars or smoking tobacco month after month without having it pall on their taste at times. This man who was in here a moment ago thinks that the tobacco list? changes, He considers himself a judge of tobacco, and I humor him by seeming to agree with him and give him another brand when he complains."

"Shorts" Gray of the Supreme Court.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat. "Where is Shorty Gray! I want to tell him the score. Where is Shorty Gray?"

This undignified language in an excited tone of voice came through the closing door of one of the Supreme Court rooms. It was uttered by

Mr. Justice Shiras, who had just entered, "Shorty" Gray is the giant on the bench, When he straightens he can look over the top When he straightens he can look over the top of Mr. Justice Harlan's bald snot. And Mr. Justice Harlan is as fine a specimen of Kentucky manhood as can be seen in a day's walk on Pennsylvania avenue. Alongside 'I, Justice Brewer and Mr. Justice Brown, Mr. Justice Gray towers. Chief Justice Brown, Mr. Justice Gray towers. Chief Justice Fuller can stand under the armpit of this son of Anak. These comparts ons tell why Mr. Justice Shiras, who sees the funny sole of thungs, calls his brother in judiciary "Short;" Gray. The latter is a Harvard "man," while the former, like Justices Brewer and Browr, was che used at Yale. Mr. Justice Shiras had just learned the score of a football gaine, and he wane of to "rub it in" on "Shorts" Gray, when he made use of the speech quoted at the beginning of this paragraph.